



THE FUGELMAN

NEWSLETTER OF THE SECOND WISCONSIN VOLUNTEER INFANTRY ASSOCIATION

THE BLACK HATS

THE IRON BRIGADE

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VOLUME NO. XIX ISSUE 11 NOVEMBER, 2011

FU-GEL-MAN: A well-drilled soldier placed in front of a military company as a model or guide for others.

A THANKSGIVING MESSAGE

Ladies and Gentlemen:

The grey days of November presage the arrival of winter. The men of the Second Wisconsin Volunteer Infantry Association are moving into winter camps, the long campaigning of 1861 (2011) is drawing to a close. As reenactors we have much to be grateful for during the past year. There have been a number of new events created to commemorate the commencement of the American Civil War. Some of them were quality events and added a new dimension to our experiences. Even the events we traditionally attend were enhanced as they too commemorated the events of 1861, especially First Bull Run.

Another event that would bond the men of the Second Wisconsin was the Manassas event commemorating the Battle of First Bull Run. The editor believes that the events that are challenging for any number of reasons act to create a special bond among the men who attend that event. The men who attended have shared their stories around the camps and the experience of the terrible heat made it as memorable as the scenarios, the event itself, or other factors that usually highlight a national event.

The year 2011 has been a challenging one for so many people. Despite the challenges, we are a strong nation. We reflect the character of our ancestors who faced difficult circumstances and overcame them. The editor is thankful for the can-do attitude of the American people. We will overcome and grow stronger and as determined as ever to move forward.

The coming year will bring events commemorating the events of 1862. It was the time of bloodletting on a massive scale and the creation of a brigade of Western men who earned the nickname The Iron Brigade. It was also the year Lincoln issued his preliminary Emancipation Proclamation. It is good that such important events will be remembered, and for that we should also be thankful.

We should be very thankful to our company officers, as well as our Association officers. They sweat over the administrative details that make our events run smoothly, lead us into battle, and manage a myriad of details that make our experiences memorable!

Finally, we are grateful to the men and women of the association who participate in our events. Like the volunteers of 1861 you have surrendered your

civilian status to don the uniform of the civil war soldier. You have devoted yourself to learning the history of the era and the men and women whose efforts and lives focused on a devastating war. The time you dedicate to the Association demonstrates a level of commitment unimaginable to many folks. It is what makes our units so very special!!

Wars are battles, campaigns, logistics, causes and goals. But history is also the stories of the people who impacted or managed the events as they unfolded. Lincoln, Ellsworth, Jackson, Mother Bickerdyke, the Ladies aid societies, the Christian Commission and the Sanitary Commission, McClellan (who will play a major role in the events of 1862) and so many others, known and unknown. These events and persons come to life under your expert hands. Our members interact with young and old in a way that brings renown to our unit and history to our audiences. It can't be said too often how proud of you your officers are! They are thankful in full measure for your efforts on and off the field!

Your officers count your comradeship and efforts on behalf of your companies and the Association as one of their many blessings. Know that when they tally their many blessings you are among them. As we gather with our families and share the thoughts of what we are thankful for when we say family, all of you, our dearest comrades are included in that word family.

As you gather this Thanksgiving and share with family and friends the spirit of remembrance and gratitude may your celebrations be blessed with god's presence as the author of all blessings. Have a great holiday and thank you for all you do on behalf of the Association.

PASS IN REVIEW

FROM THE QUILL OF LT. COL. PETE SEIELSTAD





To begin, Veteran's Day falls on 11/11/11. Be sure to: fly the US flag, stand a little straighter when saying the Pledge of Allegiance and shake the hand of a veteran. As you know the purpose of Veterans Day is to celebrate and honor those who have served in the United States armed forces. To the veterans who are in our ranks of the 2nd Wisconsin: Thank you!

Gentlemen of the 2nd Wisconsin, as the winter season descends upon us the snow and cold will soon have us all in our winter quarters thinking about the spring campaign. To recap the year: Spring muster was good but needed more members to make it truly worthwhile. The company school days are demanding but always successful. Bull's Run was hot and our effort to remember the 2nd Wisconsin's contribution to the battle was inspiring. Wade House and its scenario in Missouri went well by getting full use out of those grey uniforms we wore at Manassas. Norskedalen brought an end the campaign season for most of us. As "two bit actors that know a lot of history", I believe we were able to teach others about the Civil War and enrich our own lives while doing so. To that end; "Well done, 2nd Wisconsin, well done!"

Before you recline into that soft chair with a good book, remember to care for your equipment. Inspect your uniform and kit. Clean it, repair it or replace it. Now might be a good time to purchase a pair of dark blue trousers and/or gaiters for the 1862 campaign.

The following are a few good rules to follow for your kit. I'm sure you have heard this before but it bears repeating.

RIFLED MUSKET

It is not essential for the musket to be dismantled every time that it is cleaned... it can be perfectly cleaned as follows: Put a piece of rag or soft leather on the top of the cone, let the hammer down upon it; pour a gill (4 oz.) of {HOT} water into the muzzle carefully, so that it does not run down the outside; put a plug of wood into the muzzle {NOT THE TAMPION}, and shake the gun up and down, changing the water repeatedly until it runs clear. When clear, withdraw the leather, and stand the musket on the muzzle a few moments, then wipe out the barrel... and also wipe the exterior of the lock and the outside of the barrel around the cone and cone-seat, first with a damp rag and then with a dry one, and lastly with a rag that has been slightly oiled. In this way all the dirt due to the firing may be removed without taking out a screw. If, however, the hammer is observed to work stiff, or to grate upon the tumbler, the lock must immediately be taken off and the parts cleaned and touched with oil.

Also clean the ramrod, not forgetting the head and the threaded end. The Bayonet should also be cleaned and oiled.

To remove any rust, use "fine flour of emery cloth" and follow with a light coat of oil.

Source: *Rules for the Management and Cleaning of the Rifle Musket, Model 1863 pg. 21*

UNIFORM

Brushing the dirt from soiled trousers or a sack coat is an inexpensive way to clean a uniform. Brush out the dirt and let item air out.

Consider hand washing these as well with mild soap in COLD water and then hanging to air dry. Avoid drying in the hot sun or by a campfire to avoid shrinkage.

Shirts, socks, handkerchiefs and even the haversack liner and other hand-sewn items should be washed by hand with mild soap. Dry these articles in the sun.

SHOES

Three rules for shoe care:

- 1. Never expose shoes to high heat source (such as a fire)! Shoes are made from animal skin, and are as susceptible to the elements as your skin. Try to toast your feet next to a fire with shoes on is fruitless; your shoes will be ruined long before the heat can be felt in your feet. The rule of thumb: "If it's too hot for your hands, it's too hot for your shoes."**
- 2. Always air-dry shoes slowly, preferably with loosely crumpled newspaper stuffed inside. When dry, apply a commercial black paste polish (if needed) or treat with a commercial leather preservative. Treated this way, shoes can withstand many wet weekends.**

- 3. Never allow mud-caked shoes to dry before cleaning them. Soil as it dries will sap moisture and oils from the leather. Clean off the mud while shoes (and the mud) are still wet, and then dry shoes thoroughly.**

Source: *Care and Feeding your Uniform and Equipage.* Robert Braun 1994

ACCOUTERMENTS AND BELT PLATES

Uses a commercial grade black polish or leather soap, this will help protect and bring back the oils to the leathers.

Apple cider vinegar will clean brass. Some powder ash from the campfire will also clean brass. The mild base properties of the ash, along with the mild abrasive action, provide an excellent duplication of field-cleaned brass. Nothing over cleans like Brasso or Never Dull. Avoid these and similar products. (Sic.)

Source: *Care and Feeding your Uniform and Equipage.* Robert Braun 1994.

CANTEEN

After an event, empty and dry canteen. Allow the canteen to air dry by placing spout in a downward position or hanging upside down. Store the canteen with cork off.

HAVERSACK

Clean out all foods that will spoil. (*If they haven't already*)

Hand-wash the liner of the haversack from time to time

At the end of the season, the haversack may need to be touched up with commercial paste, blacking or black latex paint.

**Your Obedient Servant
Lt. Col. Pete Seielstad**

PRESIDENT'S CORNER

From the Desk of Association President Dave Dresang

Dear Association members:

Another season has wrapped up for many of us and not much is left for the rest. It is time to look back, reflect and ponder this past season. It was indeed a very special year with the beginning of the American Civil War's 150th anniversary (The attack on Ft. Sumter April 12th 1861) and all that followed that horrific morning. Can we say that it happened when Abraham Lincoln won the Presidential election? Or did it begin years before that?

We (as reenactors or better yet “Living Historians”) have had a year full of events but most important of all is the teaching of grade school children. Between all the companies we have managed to bring home the History of the Civil War to thousands of our children, parents, grandparents, teachers, siblings and anyone that was curious about what had happened so long ago. We try to help them understand, separate fact from fiction, or truth from myth. In this way, we honor not only the men that volunteered or were drafted but those that for whatever reason found them fighting for a cause that they believed in and in some cases didn’t believe in all. They knew that a War was going on and most had to do something about it. In doing this, we have honored not only the men that fought, but entire families who gave so much of themselves to see the war come to a final conclusion even if it meant defeat at the hands of their own brethren.

Many of us had ancestors involved in the War so in many cases this may have been a personal choice to honor our own families. (I personally had 3 that fought, the youngest being 15 and all 3 of them from the state of Wisconsin. All 3 would survive, but because of the hardship of the war, all of them would die a horrible death. The 15 year old, my Great-Great-Uncle Jno Rickert died 3 months after the war due to disease.) Whatever the reason for reenacting you have brought a voice to those that no longer have them.

Yes, we do have parades, statues, plaques and battlefields to honor them but without our abilities and thousands like us it would be just another war that happened a long time ago. They would be forgotten like those that fought in the Spanish-American War or the Korean War or so many small battles that names have been totally forgotten. You have shown the public what happened so many years ago still matters, the sacrifices the country had to endure still matter and in many ways what happened 150 years ago is still very pertinent even today. After all the nation we live in was recreated by the events of the Civil War.

All of us need to be reminded that what we do is so important that it does matter and those that come to see us, listen to us, ask questions, and watch what we do are in fact (whether they know it or not) helping us keep those stories, memories and those that lived through 4 devastating years of war alive.

My hat goes off to every one of you that has helped (in your own way) to keep this piece of American History alive. The heart of the Nation still beats even after 150 years through your efforts, diligence and commitment. It is through you that those that wore, blue, grey, butternut or whatever color uniform remains alive and their voices are still being heard.

In the last newsletter Jim Dumke had an article about what the true cost in human lives during the Civil War should be, that the

count of 620,000 lives is far too low, many more died than recorded. What would it be like if we did not take a weekend, or a day, or even a few hours of our own time to dedicate it to them that spent months or years fighting for a cause in which they believed? Who would be left to pick up the torch and carry it for them? It is an honor for me to belong to such an organization as this and I hope that you feel the same way. I have met and made many a good and close friend here and I am pleased to be counted among you.

Now we have the time to relax and enjoy some close family time (just as the soldiers did when they returned home) but please remember that the season will be on us before we know it and the second year of the war will once again be calling for us. Our Nation's past will be calling for us and once again our voices will be the ones heard as we continue to tell the stories that happened so long ago.

I wish all of you a very pleasant winter (hope you like snow, the caterpillars are very woolly up here in Green Bay) but I wish to leave you this message (a close friend of mine has this bumper sticker on his truck) "I'd rather be historically accurate than politically correct" and I want to wish all of you a Happy Thanksgiving, as President Abraham Lincoln proclaimed:

By the President of the United States of America.

A Proclamation.

The year that is drawing towards its close, has been filled with the blessings of fruitful fields and healthful skies. To these bounties, which are so constantly enjoyed that we are prone to forget the source from which they come, others have been added, which are of so extraordinary a nature, that they cannot fail to penetrate and soften even the heart which is habitually insensible to the ever watchful providence of Almighty God. In the midst of a civil war of unequalled magnitude and severity, which has sometimes seemed to foreign States to invite and to provoke their aggression, peace has been preserved with all nations, order has been maintained, the laws have been respected and obeyed, and harmony has prevailed everywhere except in the theatre of military conflict; while that theatre has been greatly contracted by the advancing armies and navies of the Union. Needful diversions of wealth and of strength from the fields of peaceful industry to the national defense, have not arrested the plough, the shuttle or the ship; the axe has enlarged the borders of our settlements, and the mines, as well of iron and coal as of the precious metals, have yielded even more abundantly than heretofore. Population has steadily increased, notwithstanding the waste that has been made in the camp, the siege and the

battle-field; and the country, rejoicing in the consciousness of augmented strength and vigor, is permitted to expect continuance of years with large increase of freedom. No human counsel hath devised nor hath any mortal hand worked out these great things. They are the gracious gifts of the Most High God, who, while dealing with us in anger for our sins, hath nevertheless remembered mercy. It has seemed to me fit and proper that they should be solemnly, reverently and gratefully acknowledged as with one heart and one voice by the whole American People. I do therefore invite my fellow citizens in every part of the United States, and also those who are at sea and those who are sojourning in foreign lands, to set apart and observe the last Thursday of November next, as a day of Thanksgiving and Praise to our beneficent Father who dwelleth in the Heavens. And I recommend to them that while offering up the ascriptions justly due to Him for such singular deliverances and blessings, they do also, with humble penitence for our national perverseness and disobedience, commend to His tender care all those who have become widows, orphans, mourners or sufferers in the lamentable civil strife in which we are unavoidably engaged, and fervently implore the interposition of the Almighty Hand to heal the wounds of the nation and to restore it as soon as may be consistent with the Divine purposes to the full enjoyment of peace, harmony, tranquility and Union.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the Seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the City of Washington, this Third day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, and of the Independence of the Unites States the Eighty-eighth.

By the President: Abraham Lincoln

***William H. Seward,
Secretary of State***

To this I will add, may God Bless this Country of ours and all who have served her, and are presently serving her. May he keep all safe from harm and see them safely home to their loved ones.

To all of you, thank you for a job more than well done and have a joyous and prosperous year, may God bless you and your loved ones as well.

Your very humble servant

David Dresang Jr.

Association President

THANKSGIVING HAS A LONG HISTORY IN AMERICA

From the arrival and survival of the very first New England settlers, in 1621, there was recognition of the debt they owed to the blessings of God. It must be remembered that those early colonists came to these shores to seek freedom to exercise their religious views. Their religion was deeply ingrained in all aspects of their existence. The story of the Pilgrims' first thanksgiving is well known to Americans of all ages. It is a story of two cultures who worked together to assure the survival of one group and the sharing of knowledge that would benefit both groups for a long time. The actual details of that celebration are not that important. As with so many historical commemorations the truth can be difficult to find, but the message does come through loud and clear—mutual aid and lending a helping hand to those who need it.

From the beginning it seems the colonies were blessed with good fortune. The colonists recognized this fact and developed a tradition of offering thanks and praise to the Author of those many blessings. As the colonies became states they continued to follow the tradition of offering their prayers of thanksgiving in the fall of each year after the harvest. Each state celebrated the holiday at different times, but the purpose remained the same. The day set aside for this holiday was one of worship and feasting. That hasn't changed much since the mid-1600's.

In the period between the colonial era and mid-nineteenth century saw the celebration of thanksgiving change from a communal celebration to a family gathering. It is this practice which still captivates Americans and it remains a holiday for families to gather and recognize the abundance enjoyed during the preceding year.

President Washington was the first American president to issue a proclamation calling on Americans to offer thanks to Providence for the many blessings the citizens of the new United States had received

from the source everyone adopted, God, the Father and provider of all good things! If one compares President Washington's proclamation below to that of Mr. Lincoln they will note the true source of the purpose of the holiday and the common thread that united the citizens in offering prayers of thanksgiving and praise to God for the many good things shared by the nation.

President Lincoln's first proclamation of a day of prayer and praise was in November, 1861. It called for the closing of businesses and government offices for the purposes of the proclamation. The rise of a view that God's favor could assure the success of the war effort was strong and despite setbacks in 1861, onwards there was the view that if the country was faithful and prayerful God would bless their efforts to preserve the Union (or the rebellion for the Southerners).

On September 28th, 1863, a 74 years old magazine editor named Sarah Josepha Hale, wrote President Lincoln a letter asking him to set aside one day as a national day of thanksgiving and praise. Sarah Hale had worked for 15 years as an advocate for a national Thanksgiving holiday. While Lincoln's predecessors had essentially ignored the petitions during those 15 years, Lincoln acted quickly on the request.

Finally, in 1863, President Lincoln would issue the proclamation that made the day of thanksgiving a national holiday. It is the result of this proclamation that makes the day an enduring celebration that we celebrate to this very day. While God seems often to be lost in the modern distractions of football, travel and feasting, He still is recognized as the source of all the good things we enjoy and that no matter what challenges (like a great civil war) He will not forsake His children.

**THE THANKSGIVING PROCLAMATION
NEW YORK, 3 OCTOBER 1789**

By the President of the United States of America: a Proclamation.

Whereas it is the duty of all Nations to acknowledge the providence of Almighty God, to obey his will, to be grateful for his benefits, and humbly to implore his protection and favor--and whereas both Houses of Congress have by their joint Committee requested me to recommend to the People of the United States a day of public thanksgiving and prayer to be observed by acknowledging with

grateful hearts the many signal favors of Almighty God especially by affording them an opportunity peaceably to establish a form of government for their safety and happiness.'

Now therefore I do recommend and assign Thursday the 26th day of November next to be devoted by the People of these States to the service of that great and glorious Being, who is the beneficent Author of all the good that was, that is, or that will be -- That we may then all unite in rendering unto him our sincere and humble thanks -- for his kind care and protection of the People of this Country previous to their becoming a Nation--for the signal and manifold mercies, and the favorable interpositions of his Providence which we experienced in the tranquility, union, and plenty, which we have since enjoyed--for the peaceable and rational manner, in which we have been enabled to establish constitutions of government for our safety and happiness, and particularly the national One now lately instituted -- for the civil and religious liberty with which we are blessed; and the means we have of acquiring and diffusing useful knowledge; and in general for all the great and various favors which he hath been pleased to confer upon us.

And also that we may then unite in most humbly offering our prayers and supplications to the great Lord and Ruler of Nations and beseech him to pardon our national and other transgressions--to enable us all, whether in public or private stations, to perform our several and relative duties properly and punctually -- to render our national government a blessing to all the people, by constantly being a Government of wise, just, and constitutional laws, discreetly and faithfully executed and obeyed--to protect and guide all Sovereigns and Nations (especially such as have shewn [sic] kindness onto us) and to bless them with good government, peace, and concord -- To promote the knowledge and practice of true religion and virtue, and the encrease [sic] of science among them and us -- and generally to grant unto all Mankind such a degree of temporal prosperity as he alone knows to be best.

Given under my hand at the City of New-York the third day of October in the year of our Lord 1789.

George Washington

<http://www.allabouthistory.org/thanksgiving-history.htm>

THERESA DRESANG HAS SURGERY— RECOVERING WELL

Some of our colleagues may be unaware of the facts set out below by our president and brother-in-arms, Dave Dresang. The members of the Association are truly family (as noted above) and what affects one of us affects all of us. Dave has shared this information with many of us, but the editor is certain that everyone who knows and appreciates the Dresang family would want to join in extending our heartfelt prayers for a quick and full recovery for Theresa (so she can keep Dave in line with the broom!).

Dear everyone:

I may have some of you confused (that's easy for me, I'm confused all the time) by this e-mail, especially since I cannot remember who I told this all to so some of you may be getting the news for the first time and others, well, this will be some of a repeat before I get down to the updated part.

Last Thursday Theresa went to the Doctor for a mild upset stomach and it turned out to be worse than we thought, before she left the office he told her that she needed surgery and now and was already setting up a hospital for her to go to for emergency surgery. It turned out to be acute (as if anything like that is cute) appendicitis and by 9:30 p.m. she was already in surgery having it taken out.

Everything went very well with the surgery. I spent the night with her and promised Bryan I would pick him up at school Friday morning so he could see Mom and to reassure him that she was alright.

The surgeon (Doctor Davis) was very kind when he came out to talk to me and said that it had been ready to come out for a while and it was the "ugliest appendix I've ever seen" I thought at first he meant her sense of humor but I guess not (don't worry, I've told her that many times since the surgery, I can't get in any more trouble than I already am in)

She was sent home that Friday afternoon with explicit instructions on what to do and not to do. (Has any woman ever listened to a man before?)

Charles and Lisa Bagneski were kind enough to stop over on Saturday and drop off some delicious cupcakes (you need to make more I never got any!)

Saturday she did over do it and paid for it all day Sunday, she is in pain but it is getting better, don't worry I've seen to that! She is not allowed to bend over or lift anything and must take it easy going up and downstairs for a couple of weeks and if all goes well she should be up and about by next Thursday and be back to work by the following Monday.

She is up to visitors or calls and I do appreciate the cards and flowers that have been sent to her.

If you have any questions or concerns, please let me know and I'll do my best to get back to you.

Again, thank you for all your kindness towards her, it is important that she knows that she not only has friends but family as well.

Sincerely

David Dresang Jr.

ASSOCIATION CAMPAIGN SCHEDULE

NOVEMBER

12th Company K 2012 annual meeting

Lake Mills,

WI

19th Gettysburg Remembrance Day (Co. B & E)

Gettysburg,

PA

REGIMENTAL DISPATCHES

TIME TO COLLECT OUR ANNUAL DUES AND COMPANY OR BATTERY ANNUAL MEETINGS

A call to all company officers and their members:

It is time to consider our efforts at collecting dues for 2012. It isn't too early to get the word out. As everyone knows, dues must be collected and turned in to the Association treasurer by the end of January, by the date of the Association annual meeting, the last Saturday in January. Rosters and campaign schedules for our companies are also due by the date of the annual meeting. Thus your officers have much work to do. Your assistance in the process is important. By making sure your dues are paid in a timely manner you assure that by the beginning of the year our companies and Association are ready for the new season of reenacting.

There will be constant reminders of this obligation over the next couple of months. If the editor's experience is any guide most fellas pay their dues at their annual meetings. But however you usually process the payment of dues please do so without delay. It will make it easier for the officer assigned to collecting the dues and preparing the company rosters for 2012.

Your officers appreciate all your efforts, but this is one more administrative duty that needs time to prepare for the Association meeting so thank you for your prompt attention to this duty! The editor is reminded of the comment someone once made that war is simple, but the simplest thing is difficult!

A REPORT ON THE DEVELOPMENTS FOR THE SHILOH 150TH COMMEMORATIVE EVENT

The following dispatch was forwarded to the newsletter by President Dresang. At the meeting at the Old Wade House when the membership discussed the national event for 2012, it was clear that there was strong interest in the Shiloh event. It is for those who are still interested in this event that the following communication from

the overall Federal commander if offered to our readers. Thank you to Dave Dresang for keeping us informed on the preparations for this event.

Date: Mon, 10 Oct 2011 21:16:45 -0400

WOW, If you thought TR good ground, wait till you see this place.

Way over 2000 acres and still growing. Almost completely flat. Woods separating high battle fields, Roads all through the site,

Twenty eight CS and three federals converged on the site on Thursday with 5 tractors and numbers of chain saws, and various trimmers.

My personal thanks to Col. Don Gross and Capt. Pete Yurkonis as they were the only other Federals who showed up to help clear US camps and battle areas as well as battle plans.

The US camps are set and the FB and DCB sites are ready for occupation. The remainder of our camps are set and entrance to them is cleared but will require your folks to bring tools if you wish to further clear them for your folks.

The entire site has been mowed and the County will do a burn in a few weeks which means the fields will be in near perfect pristine condition by the end of March.

We walked every bit of the site and with the help of local historians who have over 60 years of experience and knowledge of the original battlefields we set the scripted battles on property that according to their words looks "almost exactly like the actual land of the original battle" and with in a very short distance. The camps and most of the field are on land that the two armies actually traversed. There are NO modern intrusions what so ever. All fences are removed within the boundaries of the site and the perimeter is the only fences.

We also have over 300 acres (originally thought it was 80 acres) of the original (yes original) Fallen Timbers battle site. This is pristine and absolutely beautiful. It adjoins the site and is separated only by a small road. We will begin fighting on this site Thursday as we already have commitments from a great number who will be bivouacking there in preparations for a big fight. This site contains the exact location that the CS hospital was on. You will be camping if you so choose to sleep on arms Thur. night as well. Imagine, standing on the actual ground that Nathan Forrest was wounded at. Where both armies

stood and fell. This may very well be the last time any reenactor can lay claim to such historical experience.

Col Fullwood is arranging for a CS cavalry escort for a contingent of CS infantry that will be marching from Corinth to a location about 4 miles from this site and they will all march in together.

Roads were placed, ingress and egress were laid out with back up roads should the weather fail to cooperate completely. NO ONE will have a problem. It is basically all high ground and the two exceptions will have gravel laid and drainage pipes in place as additional back up. The CS camps are at the far end (South) and the Fed camps are at the North. The Federals will have limited march as the CS will have the brunt of it.

All Sutlers, Modern vendors, parking and any NON period activities are on the far West side of the property and completely hidden from any and all military camps and all battles. Federal parking is very close (approx. 200 acres ¼ mile from camps) and also completely hidden from all military camps.

Artillery camps are adjacent to the civilian locations along the gravel road near two of the three major battlefields. Easy excess from camps to the battle area and close enough that ALL tow vehicles can be placed back in camp and out of site from any military actions. It is imperative that ALL tow vehicles are informed early enough to move guns and return ALL vehicles in plenty of time.

Mixed civilian camps are within a hundred yards from camps and about the same from the sutlers and YES, completely hidden from all military camps, they are connected by newly constructed roads and bridges through a heavy wooded area.

The period correct town or Purdy is located closer to the CS camps but a large (neutral) field is next to it so access to both armies is available. It sets within a flat wood surrounded area and is next to the neutral wagon camp. I have been informed that the Mayor is relatively certain that they will have a saloon as well as a couple other pleasantries for all.

The three main battlefields are very, very large.

We will be doing the following SCRIPTED battles: The Hornets' Nest, Battle of Shiloh, and The battle of the Peach Orchard. Scripted Battle times are as follows:

Saturday 7:00 AM

Saturday 2:00 PM

Sunday 12:00 NOON

NON SCRIPTED will begin:

Thursday PM

Friday AM

Since some lesser known battles were actually happening at the same time as these three were happening, we will most likely include a couple of them as well. This, combined with major Thursday and Friday battles NON Scripted will make for a true living history experience. All NON scripted battles will follow actions that took place either just before or just after the actual battle.

WE have contracted for over 140 cords of premium firewood, locations have been cut into wooded areas adjacent to each camp for portalets, as well as water supplies. We will have wagons running nonstop and a team (dedicated and paid) to keep all supplies coming to insure no one has a shortage of anything. Our Quartermaster will be working full time to insure and supervise all aspects of all amenities.

WE discussed the actions between any planned battles and will implement whatever means necessary to insure that NO horses will be allowed to enter ANY camp at anytime. There will be pickets and videttes posted a distance from each camp on all sides and they will be subject to intrusion around the clock. Each Brigade will be supplying soldiers to secure this plan and will be implemented through our AIG, NO exceptions. They will NOT be chasing anyone all over the site for any reason, but will be guarding our perimeter at all times.

I would implore each of you to begin total and complete communication of all information to EVERY person you can reach. This is THE 150th event of 2012 and your folks need to know all we can provide for them. A couple extra days of vacation should not be a problem for most and they can cancel some small events between now and then to be a part of this magnificent historical National event.

Don't forget our friends who will be marching in from Pittsburg Landing and the paddlewheel boats, the soldiers who will be coming in on Union Pacific Vintage train cars and the CSS HUNLEY (REPLICA) WHICH WILL BE ON DISPLAY IN THE MODERN AND SUTLER

AREA

Site map will follow shortly.

Brig. General

Terry Crowder, Commanding

SOME ITEMS OFFERED ON E-BAY THAT MIGHT BE OF INTEREST

Gary Van Kauwenbergh sent the following information that might be of interest as the Christmas holiday approaches. Maybe for a friend who shares your interest in the Iron Brigade or in your own Christmas stocking.

Iron Brigade items on E-Bay

Iron Brigade Coffee Cup:

http://www.ebay.com/itm/Iron-Brigade-Military-Mug-CafePress-348389229-/160668473921?pt=US_Childrens_Unisex_Clothing&hash=item2568965a41



Nylon 3x5' 2nd WI Regimental Flag:

<http://www.ebay.com/itm/2nd-Wisconsin-Infantry-Regiment-Historical-Indoor-Outdoor>

REPORTS FROM THE COMPANY CAMPS

COMPANY K

Company K will hold its annual meeting on Saturday, November 12th, 2011, beginning at 9:00 a.m. The meeting will be held at the Lake Mills EMS building where the last two meetings have been held.

COMPANY E

Company E will hold its upcoming annual meeting on December 3rd, 2011. The meeting will be held at the Allouez Community Center, the site of previous meetings. The meeting will begin at noon and run until around 4:00 p.m.

Among the items for discussion will be the campaign schedule for 2012. Elections will be held for the members of the civilian board and all military positions except for Captain.

If any members of Company E have questions regarding the meeting they should contact Charles Bagneski.

BATTERY B

Battery B has scheduled its 2012 annual meeting for January 7th, 2012. The meeting will be held in Columbus, Wisconsin, at the home of Wally Hlaban. In the event of inclement weather the backup date of the meeting will be January 1th, 2012. The site of the meeting is the same as the last few years, but if one needs directions they can contact Sgt. Laufenberg.

Besides planning the schedule for 2012 the Battery will be electing corporate officers and field officers. Nominations for the positions must be received by November 9th. Voting will then take place. The corporate offices open for election are president, secretary, and treasurer. Field officer positions include Captain, First Sergeant, Sergeant, and 4 corporal positions.

REGIMENTAL FLAG FOR THE 4TH U.S. LIGHT ARTILLERY



Lyle Laufenberg took a photo of a flag all the members of the battery should recognize, a regimental flag for the 4th U.S. Artillery. Lyle and his family were on vacation in Fort Worth, Texas (of all places) when he came upon this flag. Well done Sgt. Laufenberg and thank you for sharing it with all of us!

THE SKIRMISHERS

MINIEBALL STUCK IN YOUR BARREL?

The preferred method is to blow a stuck minie ball out of your barrel with compressed air. We keep a 20 fire extinguisher with a rubber nozzle on the end. You clean out the barrel, oil up the sides, remove the nipple, point in a safe direction, then press the nozzle into the nipple hole and let her go. This works for artillery rounds too, and it takes surprising little pressure to blow them out.

If the ball is all the way down, you can try the powder down the nipple hole trick. The rest of the powder load could ignite, so trying that down the basement is a no-no. If the ball isn't all the way down, I have a half-inch metal rod that can get it down there quick without any pounding on a good ramrod.

Interesting pages on acwsa.org

Buy/Sell/Trade page: http://acwsa.org/Pages/Buy_Sell_Trade_List1.htm

Shooters Notebook: <http://acwsa.org/Pages/ShootingNotebook.htm>

- Solvent and Lube recipes, how to read the proof marks on your guns, disassembling your Henry, loading data, etc.

Links: http://acwsa.org/Pages/skirmish_links.htm

2nd Wisconsin Skirmish Team page:

http://acwsa.org/Pages/Team%20Pages/2nd_wisconsin/2nd_wisconsin.htm

Old Soldier Fiddlers: http://acwsa.org/Pages/old_soldier_fiddlers.htm

Home: <http://acwsa.org/>

The 2012 Annual Meeting for the 2nd Wisconsin Marksmanship Team will start at noon on Saturday, February 11, 2012 at the home of Roy and Cathi Nelson, W4982 Woodside Lane, Watertown, WI. For more information call Gary, 608-274-0736 or garyvank@aol.com.

CAMPAIGNING WITH THE SECOND WISCONSIN

The following dispatch was received from Pvt. John Thielmann (Company K's token Dutchman) regarding an event in Milwaukee to commemorate the service and sacrifice of American veterans from all periods. It is an opportunity to support the troops and thank them for their dedication to the greatest nation on the face of the earth. Consider joining in to express your support for the men and women who proudly have served their nation!

The men of the Second Wisconsin Volunteer Infantry are invited to join the "Reclaiming Our Heritage" unit in Milwaukee's Veterans Parade, Saturday, November 5. First unit steps off at 11:00 am., we'll probably step-off after 11:30. Participant parking and shuttle to our staging area (Gate F) at/from the Harley-Davidson Museum, at 6th Street and Canal Street. A shuttle will return participants to the Harley Museum. If you don't want to drive into downtown Milwaukee, we will meet at the Historic Soldiers Home Grounds of the VA. (Site of Reclaiming Our Heritage) Go to the parking lot behind (west of) "Old Main" and we will carpool in. Arrive before 10 am. FYI- Participants

do not have to be reenactors. Non-reenacting friends/family can join us and are encouraged to wear red, white and blue. Contact me with any questions.

A MESSAGE FROM THE WADE HOUSE

Hello to all who attended the Wade House Civil War Weekend event on September 23-25.

A very BIG THANK YOU to everybody who came and made the event the spectacular affair it was!!!! This year's Saturday attendance beat last year's Saturday, and despite the very poor weather on Sunday we still had 800 who came out and witnessed the event!! Hats off to the officers and men of the ranks who decided to go ahead with Sunday's afternoon battle - there were still hundreds of spectators who stood in the rain and were ready to watch!! Comments from spectators were very positive, and it seemed to be a very good experience for everyone that I spoke with. Also, a special thank you to those who also came and participated in the 5th Annual Wade House Civil War School Day, which hosted an additional 900 students on Friday.

We are eager to begin the planning for next year's event, which will take place on September 28-30, 2012. To that end I have scheduled a post-event debriefing meeting for Sunday, November 13 at 1 p.m. in the former Town Hall building here at the site. Anybody interested in the event is welcome to come. We can discuss this past year's event, evaluate the rules for possible changes, and begin general preparation, discussions, and decision-making for the 2012 Civil War Weekend. There are many ways in which we can make this event better for future years, and I welcome your participation in the conversation.

I chose November 13 for this meeting because it is after the Wade House closes for the winter and after most other Civil War events have concluded, is before Thanksgiving and because the Packers happen to have that particular day off. It's also one week before deer season opens. I hope that this choice will allow as many as possible to attend the meeting. I will send out a reminder in early November.

Again, THANK YOU so much for all that you do!!!! We couldn't make this event happen without people such as yourselves!!

Jeff

Jeffrey Murray
Curator of Interpretation
Wade House Historic Site
P.O. Box 34
Greenbush, WI 53026
(920) 526-3271
fax (920) 526-3626

A MESSAGE FROM BETSY ERVEN OF THE OLD WADE HOUSE SCHOOL DAY EVENT

Hello All,

Thanks again for a great school day! I had many compliments. As always I just couldn't do it without you! Next years date will be Friday, September 28. Pencil it in and I'll talk to you soon.

Betsy

FURTHER READING ON THE TOTAL NUMBER OF DEATHS FROM THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR

In last month's issue of *The Fugelman* there appeared an article on a new effort to determine the number of deaths attributed to the Civil War. The following communication was received from John Thielmann giving the site for the entire article. It is an interesting approach that challenges the long held belief that 620,000 deaths were attributable to the war.

The editor would note that in his new book, *The Union War* published in 2011, prolific Civil War author Gary Gallagher uses the figure of 800,000 in his introduction.

Thank you John for the submission. It will give our members food for thought and it proves at least one person read the article.

For those interested in J. David Hacker's full article (40 pages) *A Census-Based Count of the Civil War Dead*, it can be found on his page of the Binghamton University website.

<http://www2.binghamton.edu/history/people/faculty/hacker.html>

Scroll down to "Recent Articles" and click the link.

Pvt. John Thielmann

Co. K

A THANK YOU NOTE FROM A RECIPIENT OF THE SECOND WISCONSIN SCHOLARSHIP



Dear Members of the Second Wisconsin:

I am currently a sophomore at Northern Illinois University majoring in Special Education. I'm looking forward to finishing up my general education classes this semester, so that I can learn more about Special Education. I'm excited to start observations in schools and student teaching in my upcoming years at NIU. After I graduate with my Bachelor's Degree, I plan on becoming a Special Education teacher in

Illinois. I'm very thankful to have been chosen as one of the recipients of the 2011 Second Wisconsin Volunteer Infantry Association Scholarship.

**Thanks,
Emily Groezinger**

CIVIL WAR MILESTONES

NOVEMBER

- | | |
|----------------------|--|
| Nov. 1, 1861 | Gen. George McClellan replaces Gen. Scott as commander in chief of U. S. forces |
| Nov. 3, 1813 | Gen. Jubal A. Early, CSA, born |
| Nov. 5, 1862 | Gen. Geo. McClellan removed from command after he failed to pursue Lee's army after the Battle of Antietam |
| Nov. 6, 1861 | Jefferson Davis elected as president of the CSA. This was the second election for the post as he was elected to serve as provisional president when the CSA was being formed in Montgomery, Alabama |
| Nov. 7, 1861 | Union forces capture Port Royal |
| Nov. 8, 1861 | Capt. Wilkes seizes Confederate Commissioners aboard a British ship |
| Nov. 9, 1825 | Gen Ambrose P. Hill, CSA, born |
| Nov. 9, 1864 | Lincoln re-elected for a second term; the death knell for the CSA |
| Nov. 13, 1814 | Gen. Joseph Hooker, USA, born |
| Nov. 15, 1864 | Gen. Sherman begins his "March To The Sea" |

- Nov. 19, 1863** **PRESIDENT ABRAHAM LINCOLN
DELIVERS THE GETTYSBURG ADDRESS**
- Nov. 23, 1863** **The Battle of Chattanooga**
- Nov. 24, 1863** **The Battle of Chattanooga**
- Nov. 25, 1863** **The Battle of Chattanooga**
- Nov. 28, 1861** **Missouri formally admitted to the Confederacy**
- Nov. 29, 1815** **Gen. Stephen A. Hurlbut, USA, born in
Charleston, S. C.**
- Nov. 30, 1864** **The Battle of Franklin**

DECEMBER

- Dec. 3, 1826** **Gen. George B. McClellan, USA, born**
- Dec. 5, 1839** **Gen. George A. Custer, USA, born**
- Dec. 6, 1833** **Col. John S. Mosby, CSA, born**
- Dec. 8, 1863** **Lincoln makes proclamation of Amnesty &
Reconstruction**
- Dec. 13, 1862** **Battle of Fredericksburg**
- Dec. 13, 1864** **Fort McAllister surrenders**
- Dec. 19, 1814** **Edwin Stanton, U. S. Secretary of War and one
of the great war leaders in American history is
born**
- Dec. 20, 1860** **South Carolina secedes**
- Dec. 25, 1821** **Clara Barton born**
- Dec. 25, 2011** **CHRISTMAS DAY**
- Dec. 27, 1831** **Brig. Gen. Lucius Fairchild, USA, born**
- Dec. 31, 1815** **Gen. George Meade, USA, born**

CIVIL WAR TALK RADIO PROGRAM DISCUSSES VETERANS AFTER THE CIVIL WAR AND THE SOLDIERS' HOME IN MILWAUKEE

The editor was going through the archives of Civil War Talkradio, as he had missed a number of presentations during the summer campaigns of 2011. The program was from June 17, 2011. It involves an interview of author James Martin who wrote the book *Sing Not War* about the experience of veterans after the Civil War. Dr. Martin is a Department Chair at Marquette University.

The main interest for our readers focuses on his discussion of the Woods Soldiers' Veteran Home in Milwaukee. The entire discussion is very informative and paints a picture of the struggles of the veterans to return home and take up civilian lives. The website appears below. Go to the archived programs for June 17, 2011 to hear this episode.

<http://www.worldtalkradio.com/worldtalkradio/vepisode.aspx?aid=54592>

AN ARTICLE ON THE FIRST BULL RUN REENACTMENT FROM A "FRESH FISH"

**October 18, 2011, 10:28 pm
Confessions of a Rookie Re-Enactor
By MATT DELLINGER**

The First Battle of Bull Run, like freshman year of college, was a time for earning reputations — and nicknames. On that same afternoon when Confederate Gen. Thomas Jonathan Jackson won his moniker, "Stonewall," he bestowed an equally flattering reputation on a Union regiment called the 14th Brooklyn, which wore red wool trousers as part of their local militia uniform modeled after the French chasseurs. The 14th Brooklyn — the only regiment in the Union Army called by a city's name rather than a state — was giving Jackson and his troops quite a time on Henry House Hill, and at some point Stonewall braced his soldiers for yet another charge by shouting "Hold on Boys! Here

come those red-legged devils again!"

The nickname stuck, and thanks to generous funding from the Brooklyn home front, the pants did, too. While the Army phased out other unique garb in favor of standard blues, the 14th wore their red trousers for the length of their three-year enlistment, through ferocious battles like Antietam, Gettysburg, the Wilderness and Spotsylvania.

Not that any of this gets you a discount at a Ponderosa steakhouse in Falmouth, Va., where about 12 members of the unit dined on a recent Saturday night. These weren't ghosts of soldiers past, of course, but re-enactors — including myself, dressed in red pants and smeared with mud — in town for a memorial dedication. Our hair was matted and oily from a night of camping and a day of marching; the women among us were armored in hoop skirts that required wide berth. Nevertheless, the residents of Stafford County were kind to us Yankees, just as they were for the most part in 1862 and 1863, when the Union Army camped along the Rappahannock River.

Re-enactors get good at straddling centuries, whether that means wandering the 21st in Civil War garb or receiving modern visitors to our 19th-century masquerades. That morning our latter-day revival of the 14th Brooklyn stood honor guard at Falmouth's Union Church cemetery, part of the dedication ceremony for a historical marker honoring a former slave and the seven soldiers whose funeral he attended in April 1862. Afterward we answered questions and demonstrated musket-firing techniques for the several hundred locals and tourists who'd come out to see our encampment. Spectators tend to ask us the same things: Are those uniforms hot? (Yes.) Are you guys zouaves? (No.) The re-enactor's challenge, I've learned, is to treat each conversation as a fresh performance.

I first met the men of the 14th Brooklyn in 2002, at the rededication of a monument in Green-Wood Cemetery. I had come out of curiosity, but soon struck up a conversation with Anthony Dellarocca, who, when he's not carrying a musket, runs a limousine service in Lindenhurst, N.Y. Anthony was viscerally upset by the presence of a re-enactor portraying the wartime governor of New York, Edwin D. Morgan. The governor, he seethed, had tried to keep the 14th at home in the spring of 1861, but Col. Alfred Wood, the regiment's leader, went to Washington and secured orders to muster from President Lincoln himself. Each of the dozen or so re-enactors at Green-Wood that afternoon had assumed the identity of an actual soldier from the 14th, and they were eager to tell me about the battles they had seen and the wounds they had sustained.

These re-enactors' obsessiveness amused me, and then intrigued me, and then inspired me. By the time I left the cemetery, I was hooked, and for the next eight years I had the 14th Brooklyn stuck in the back of my head. I wanted to write a book about the regiment, but a different book (and a day job, and life) kept me from delving very deep into their story.

With the sesquicentennial on the horizon, though, I finally made the 14th a priority. But I didn't want to spend all of my time in libraries. I wanted to get as close as I could to being there. I wanted to enlist. This April, almost exactly 150 years to the day after Lincoln's famous call for volunteers, I borrowed some gear and came to Camp Wood, the 14th's training weekend at Old Bethpage Village Restoration, on Long Island.

Most of my comrades, I would learn, lived in the island's New York suburbs, though most had Brooklyn ties. (Frank Ruiz Sr., our captain, grew up in Bay Ridge.) I would be the first new recruit in a while to actually live in Brooklyn, and that weekend the veterans seemed concerned that this might not be the kind of activity a modern Brooklynite would enjoy. It was colder than usual, and we slept in canvas tents on hard ground. They made me march; taught me to move from two ranks to a column of four and back again; to load and hold a musket; to shoot on my feet, on my belly. The older guys kept checking in, asking how I was doing, whether I was enjoying myself.

I guess I was wary, too. I wondered what I was getting myself into, and who these men would turn out to be, once they'd donned their period selves. I'd read Tony Horwitz's "Confederates in the Attic," which is full of re-enactors as Southern eccentrics and obsessives. But the guys in the 14th aren't haunted holdouts from a society that can't forget. They are bridge-and-tunnel history buffs eager to educate a society that doesn't remember. They are in their 60s, their 30s, their teens; there are father-son pairs; a butcher, a banker, a painter, a courthouse security guard. On the whole, they care more — and know more — about history than anyone I'd ever joined around a campfire.

We're a tight group, but a lot of what we do is for the public. We stage actual battles along with other groups of re-enactors, and we conduct living-history events like the one at Falmouth. But we also do a lot of what you might call "nonspecific combat events" — essentially, getting together to indulge our inner infantrymen. Take Jesse Henry, a 28-year-old member of our regiment from Long Beach, N.Y. Jesse has developed a niche specialty at getting "shot." I've seen Jesse go down three or four times in a single day of action, and he's quite good. He's

not one to just get back up on his own, either; he prefers to be carried off the field as dead weight. In Falmouth, there had been no combat, and so when our formal duties were done, our lieutenant, Frank Ruiz Jr., put Henry out of his misery: Ruiz loaded his musket with powder, Henry took off running across a field, and Ruiz fired from some 40 yards away. Henry twisted into a contortion and slumped to the ground.

Further lighthearted morbidity came around sunset. We drove over to the White Oak Civil War Museum, a modest old school building filled with installations and artifacts that amazed even the most-well-traveled buffs among us. For an hour we gawked at mounds of bullets, coins and buttons; shelves full of bottles, canteens and belt buckles. With the curator, D.P. Newton, we flipped through old binders of photocopied letters, reports, ledgers and photos. Then we went out back, where Mr. Newton had constructed several wood-and-canvas winter huts, complete with fireplaces and bunks. Frank Senior vowed to build one in his back yard. Nearby there were mock fresh graves, including an empty one, of which we quickly made use. Jerry Bergeron, a 51-year-old from Pennsylvania, stood in as a casualty, and the men lifted his limp body and laid him in the hole. Then he got back out and we went to Ponderosa.

Re-enacting, in other words, is a mash-up of camping, American history, Halloween and playing war. These boyhood pursuits, when combined, deliver an unexpectedly satisfying experience for an adult. We're not that different from people who wear professional sports jerseys and play touch football in the front yard. We're like the fans who bringing baseball gloves to Yankee Stadium, except we bring muskets to battlefields.

And I love it. I've gone camping in Green-Wood Cemetery on Memorial Day weekend, sleeping in a tent in the rain a mere mile from my own dry bed. I fought the sesquicentennial of the First Battle of Bull Run in 110-degree heat, even though I came down with heat exhaustion and had to decamp to an air-conditioned hotel room, mildly ashamed. I went to the desk clerk looking like hell and asked if I could bring a musket in from the car. This being Virginia, she said yes. I showered like a zombie and drank as much water as my stomach could handle. Just before collapsing in bed I set two alarms — one that would get me up early enough to fight the second day and one that would get me up early enough to watch. I woke up 10 hours later, an hour after the second alarm, and felt better, save for the pangs of regret for having missed Day Two of the misery.

As feeble as fleeing Bull Run made me feel, the hobby has toughened

me up. I have a greater tolerance for being uncomfortable — hot or muddy or unshowered or poorly fed. And in a way I think it's centering me. When we're together in character, I'm following orders, I'm unplugged. Yes, when the public isn't looking we sometimes sneak peeks at our "wireless telegraph" smartphones. And yeah, we go to Ponderosa in our uniforms. But even at its most inauthentic, re-enacting can be a meditation. When you're in that hand-sewn wool uniform, in a muddy tent, swigging from a beeswax-sealed tin canteen and smelling like a sausage, it's the 21st-century public that seems strange.

Matt Dellinger is the author of "Interstate 69: The Unfinished History of the Last Great American Highway." He is at work on a book about the 14th Brooklyn. Photograph by Gus Powell.

THE RED BADGE OF COURAGE

by Stephen Crane

CHAPTER XI. (CONT'D)

In a defeat there would be a roundabout vindication of himself. He thought it would prove, in a manner, that he had fled early because of his superior powers of perception. A serious prophet upon predicting a flood should be the first man to climb a tree. This would demonstrate that he was indeed a seer.

A moral vindication was regarded by the youth as a very important thing. Without salve, he could not, he thought, wear the sore badge of his dishonor through life. With his heart continually assuring him that he was despicable, he could not exist without making it,

through his actions, apparent to all men.

If the army had gone gloriously on he would be lost. If the din meant that now his army's flags were tilted forward he was a condemned wretch. He would be compelled to doom himself to isolation. If the men were advancing, their indifferent feet were trampling upon his chances for a successful life.

As these thoughts went rapidly through his mind, he turned upon them and tried to thrust them away. He denounced himself as a villain. He said that he was the most unutterably selfish man in existence. His mind pictured the soldiers who would place their defiant bodies before the spear of the yelling battle fiend, and as he saw their dripping corpses on an imagined field, he said that he was their murderer.

Again he thought that he wished he was dead. He believed that he envied a corpse. Thinking of the slain, he achieved a great contempt for some of them, as if they were guilty for thus becoming lifeless. They might have been killed by lucky chances, he said, before they had had opportunities to flee or before they had been really tested. Yet they would receive laurels from tradition. He cried out bitterly that their crowns were stolen and their robes of glorious memories were shams. However, he still said that it was a great pity he was not as they.

A defeat of the army had suggested itself to him as a

means of escape from the consequences of his fall. He considered, now, however, that it was useless to think of such a possibility. His education had been that success for that mighty blue machine was certain; that it would make victories as a contrivance turns out buttons. He presently discarded all his speculations in the other direction. He returned to the creed of soldiers.

When he perceived again that it was not possible for the army to be defeated, he tried to bethink him of a fine tale which he could take back to his regiment, and with it turn the expected shafts of derision.

But, as he mortally feared these shafts, it became impossible for him to invent a tale he felt he could trust. He experimented with many schemes, but threw them aside one by one as flimsy. He was quick to see vulnerable places in them all.

Furthermore, he was much afraid that some arrow of scorn might lay him mentally low before he could raise his protecting tale.

He imagined the whole regiment saying: "Where's Henry Fleming? He run, didn't 'e? Oh, my!" He recalled various persons who would be quite sure to leave him no peace about it. They would doubtless question him with sneers, and laugh at his stammering hesitation. In the next engagement they would try to keep watch of him to discover when he

would run.

Wherever he went in camp, he would encounter insolent and lingeringly cruel stares. As he imagined himself passing near a crowd of comrades, he could hear some one say, "There he goes!"

Then, as if the heads were moved by one muscle, all the faces were turned toward him with wide, derisive grins. He seemed to hear some one make a humorous remark in a low tone. At it the others all crowed and cackled. He was a slang phrase.

CHAPTER XII.

THE column that had butted stoutly at the obstacles in the roadway was barely out of the youth's sight before he saw dark waves of men come sweeping out of the woods and down through the fields. He knew at once that the steel fibers had been washed from their hearts. They were bursting from their coats and their equipments as from entanglements. They charged down upon him like terrified buffaloes.

Behind them blue smoke curled and clouded above the treetops, and through the thickets he could sometimes see a distant pink glare. The voices of the cannon were clamoring in interminable chorus.

The youth was horrorstricken. He stared in agony and amazement. He forgot that he was engaged in combating the universe. He threw aside his mental

pamphlets on the philosophy of the retreated and rules for the guidance of the damned.

The fight was lost. The dragons were coming with invincible strides. The army, helpless in the matted thickets and blinded by the overhanging night, was going to be swallowed. War, the red animal, war, the blood-swollen god, would have bloated fill.

Within him something bade to cry out. He had the impulse to make a rallying speech, to sing a battle hymn, but he could only get his tongue to call into the air: "Why--why--what--what 's th' matter?"

Soon he was in the midst of them. They were leaping and scampering all about him. Their blanched faces shone in the dusk. They seemed, for the most part, to be very burly men. The youth turned from one to another of them as they galloped along. His incoherent questions were lost. They were heedless of his appeals. They did not seem to see him.

They sometimes gabbled insanely. One huge man was asking of the sky: "Say, where de plank road? Where de plank road!" It was as if he had lost a child. He wept in his pain and dismay.

Presently, men were running hither and thither in all ways. The artillery booming, forward, rearward, and on the flanks made jumble of ideas of direction. Landmarks had vanished into the gathered gloom.

The youth began to imagine that he had got into the center of the tremendous quarrel, and he could perceive no way out of it. From the mouths of the fleeing men came a thousand wild questions, but no one made answers.

The youth, after rushing about and throwing interrogations at the heedless bands of retreating infantry, finally clutched a man by the arm. They swung around face to face.

"Why--why--" stammered the youth struggling with his balking tongue.

The man screamed: "Let go me! Let go me!" His face was livid and his eyes were rolling uncontrolled. He was heaving and panting. He still grasped his rifle, perhaps having forgotten to release his hold upon it. He tugged frantically, and the youth being compelled to lean forward was dragged several paces.

"Let go me! Let go me!"

"Why--why--" stuttered the youth.

"Well, then!" bawled the man in a lurid rage. He adroitly and fiercely swung his rifle. It crushed upon the youth's head. The man ran on.

The youth's fingers had turned to paste upon the other's arm. The energy was smitten from his muscles.

He saw the flaming wings of lightning flash before his vision. There was a deafening rumble of thunder within his head.

Suddenly his legs seemed to die. He sank writhing to the ground. He tried to arise. In his efforts against the numbing pain he was like a man wrestling with a creature of the air.

There was a sinister struggle.

Sometimes he would achieve a position half erect, battle with the air for a moment, and then fall again, grabbing at the grass. His face was of a clammy pallor. Deep groans were wrenched from him.

At last, with a twisting movement, he got upon his hands and knees, and from thence, like a babe trying to walk, to his feet. Pressing his hands to his temples he went lurching over the grass.

He fought an intense battle with his body. His dulled senses wished him to swoon and he opposed them stubbornly, his mind portraying unknown dangers and mutilations if he should fall upon the field. He went tall soldier fashion. He imagined secluded spots where he could fall and be unmolested. To search for one he strove against the tide of his pain.



DEDICATED TO THE CHICAGO CONVENTION.

© 1864 HARPER'S WEEKLY

Compromise With The South

Dedicated to the Chicago Convention.

Artist: Thomas Nast

This is one of Thomas Nast's most powerful and effective political cartoons, and one of his personal favorites, drawn when the artist was not quite 24 years old. It is a harsh criticism of the dominant influence of Peace Democrats ("Copperheads") at the Democratic National Convention, which was meeting in Chicago in late August 1864 at the time this post-dated cartoon went to press.

Throughout his administration, President Abraham Lincoln faced a continual barrage of criticism aimed at his policies and leadership, particularly against emancipation, the military draft, and his management of the Union war effort. Early in 1864, there had been talk of replacing him at the head of the Republican ticket. However, by the time his party's national convention met on June 7-8, the president's deputies had stifled rebellions and shored up support so that he was renominated on the first ballot. The stagnant performance of the Union military during the summer, though, bode ill for the president and the war effort itself.

With Union military prospects appearing dim, the Democratic National Convention met in Chicago in late August 1864. The dismal military situation strengthened the party's Peace wing ("Copperheads"), led by Congressmen Clement Vallandigham of Ohio and Fernando Wood of New York. Their proposal for a cease-fire and negotiated settlement with the Confederacy was ratified by the delegates, with only four dissenting votes, and incorporated into the official party platform. Confusing the issue, though, the Democrats voted overwhelmingly for Union General George B. McClellan, a War Democrat, to become their presidential nominee over two peace candidates, Governor Horatio Seymour of New York and Thomas Seymour, the former governor of Connecticut.

In this cartoon, the Democratic "Chicago Convention" is viewed as a betrayal of everything for which Union soldiers were fighting, as well as a betrayal of black Americans. On the left, a defeated and disabled Union soldier, his face hidden in shame, extends a feeble hand of surrender to a triumphant Jefferson Davis, president of the Confederacy. Davis stands with one boot disrespectfully on the grave of another Union soldier, while Columbia kneels mournfully. In the upper-left, the American flag is hung upside down as a sign of distress. Nast's message is clear: if compromise with the Confederacy is pursued, then Union servicemen will have sacrificed their limbs and lives in vain, and black Americans will be returned to slavery (as in the cartoon's background; note also that the black man is a Union soldier).

In accepting the Democratic presidential nomination, however, McClellan rejected the peace plank of the party platform, vowing instead to prosecute the war with more skill and vigor than Lincoln. In the late summer, Lincoln despaired of his chance for reelection and feared that, despite McClellan's assurance, the momentum of a Democratic victory would fortify the Peace faction and force the general to retract his campaign promise. Lincoln, therefore, made his cabinet sign a pledge, sight unseen, to cooperate with president-elect

McClellan during the interim period to ensure a speedy Union conquest of the Confederacy before the general's inauguration.

However, a few days after McClellan's nomination, the military tide began to turn in the Union's favor. On September 2, Atlanta fell to the Union forces commanded by General William Tecumseh Sherman. Combined with a previous victory by Admiral David Farragut at Mobile Bay on August 5, and subsequent military success by General Philip Sheridan in Virginia's Shenandoah Valley on September 19 and 22, McClellan's star began to fade and the president's to rise. The publication of Nast's cartoon came in the midst of this military turnaround, and Lincoln's campaign managers blanketed the country with posters made from it. The cartoon was widely considered to be a significant propaganda factor aiding Lincoln's reelection.

With 78% of the Union electorate casting ballots, Lincoln won in an Electoral College landslide, 212-21. The 55% popular vote for the president was the third largest in the nineteenth century, surpassed only by Jackson's first victory in 1828 and Grant's reelection in 1872. McClellan won only New Jersey, Delaware, and Kentucky. It has been estimated that Lincoln received 78% of the vote of Union servicemen. While that number was not necessary for his reelection, it may have been the margin of victory in a few close states and, more importantly, was of great symbolic value. Republicans also gained seats in the Congress to retain unassailable control, 149 to 42 in the House and 42 to 10 in the Senate; took back several state legislatures; and only lost one gubernatorial race, in New Jersey.

The Democrats, though, remained a viable party. McClellan captured 48% of the vote in a bloc of states stretching from Connecticut to Illinois, and Republican totals declined over 1860 in several key states, such as New York, Pennsylvania, and Indiana. The two-party system was sound, and the Democrats were well positioned to challenge the Republicans in future contests.

Robert C. Kennedy

<http://www.nytimes.com/learning/general/onthisday/harp/0903.html>

A LITTLE KNOWN ASPECT OF OUR CIVIL WAR!

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'BULLY FOR GARIBALDI'

By DON H. DOYLE

The tiny Mediterranean island of Caprera, near Sardinia, was not the sort of place to find an American diplomat in the late summer of 1861, but that's precisely where Henry Shelton Sanford landed late in the afternoon of Sept. 8. It had been a long, involved trip: he came from Brussels to Genoa by train, secretly chartered a ship to avoid public notice and, on the night of Sept. 7, sailed through the Ligurian Sea to Sardinia. Landing late the next day, he hired a small boat to take him to Caprera, then walked more than a mile on a narrow path across the rocky, windswept island.

Sanford was used to such unconventional assignments: Appointed minister to Belgium by Lincoln, he also served, unofficially, as head of American secret service operations in Europe, running spies, fostering propaganda and planning covert activities. Now, this deliberately anonymous man at this most isolated place was about to meet with one of the most famous people in the world.

He arrived at a rustic whitewashed house built in the style of a hacienda: the house, stables and other structures enclosed a rough dirt courtyard inhabited by animals, including a donkey named "Pio Nono" in dubious honor of Pope Pius IX. Inside the rustic house, amid an array of barrels, saddles and crude furnishings, Sanford waited to meet the "Hero of Two Worlds," Giuseppe Garibaldi.

For months the European and American press had been alive with rumors that Garibaldi, the celebrated champion of Italian unification, and his Red Shirt army were coming to lead the struggle for America's reunification. Since June a series of contradictory reports and denials and stony silence from Union officials left the world in suspense. "Garibaldi Coming to America!" "Bully for Garibaldi ... He Has Accepted," the headlines exclaimed. "Garibaldi Not Coming," another newspaper announced with equal certainty. Now Sanford had arrived with an offer, authorized by President Lincoln and Secretary of State William H. Seward, inviting him to serve as major general in the Union Army.

Sanford was dismayed to find the famed general "still an invalid," recuperating from a prolonged bout with rheumatoid arthritis. However, he knew as well as Lincoln and Seward did that, whatever value an aging Italian general who spoke no English might offer militarily, Garibaldi's mere "presence" and "gallantry," as Seward put it, would prove "eminently useful" to the Union cause.

The conversation began promisingly. "I will be very happy to serve a country for which I have so much affection," Garibaldi replied to preliminary inquiries. He had lived in exile in New York and considered himself a citizen of what he fondly referred to as his "second country." But what he wanted to hear, and what Sanford could not tell him, was that this would be a war against slavery.

In Garibaldi's mind, victory over the Southern slaveholders would come swiftly; "the enemy is weakened by his vices and disarmed by his conscience," he told his comrades. From there they would go on to vanquish the slaveholders of the Caribbean and Brazil, where millions of "miserable slaves will lift their heads and be free citizens."

Garibaldi's question first arose when James W. Quiggle, outgoing American consul in Antwerp, Belgium, seized a chance at glory by writing an unofficial letter to him in June 1861. "The papers report that you are going to the United States to join the Army of the North in the conflict of my country," he wrote. "If you do, the name of La Fayette will not surpass yours. There are thousands of Italians and Hungarians who will rush to join your ranks and there are thousands and tens of thousands of Americans who will glory to be under the command of 'the Washington of Italy.'" Quiggle offered to join their ranks himself.

Garibaldi responded, "I have had, and I have still, great desire to go ... if your government would find my services of some use." But while willing to fight for America, he was not sure exactly what it was fighting for. "Tell me," he asked pointedly, "if this agitation is regarding the emancipation of the Negroes or not."

Quiggle sent his correspondence with Garibaldi to Seward on July 5, which should have arrived in Washington just before the First Battle of Bull Run on July 21, 1861. It was a day of humiliating defeat for the Union, marked by poor leadership and disorderly (some said cowardly) retreat by Union soldiers.

Earlier, Quiggle's idea of bringing an Italian general to lead a Union Army might have been dismissed as a harebrained scheme, but after Bull Run Seward feared Britain or France might declare support for the Confederacy. He saw in Garibaldi an international hero whose charisma and leadership were desperately needed. After consulting with Lincoln, on July 27 Seward sent instructions to Sanford to meet with "the distinguished Soldier of Freedom" and enlist "his services in the present contest for the unity and liberty of the American People." "Tell him," he instructed Sanford, "that the fall of the American Union ... would be a disastrous blow to the cause of Human Freedom equally

here, in Europe, and throughout the world."

Garibaldi had fascinated journalists ever since the 1830s, when he was in exile in South America fighting for the independence of southern Brazil and Uruguay. When the Revolutions of 1848 broke out across Europe, he returned to Italy and led a heroic defense of the Republic of Rome against French and papal forces. He was again exiled, to New York, but later returned to live in isolation on Caprera. Then, in 1860, he led a ragtag army of volunteers known as "The Thousand" in an invasion of Sicily to overthrow its Bourbon rulers. The whole world followed Garibaldi's Red Shirts as they vanquished a large professional army, swept across southern Italy and entered Naples in triumph, all within four months. Precisely as the United States was coming apart, Italy proclaimed its new existence as a united nation. Garibaldi had made Italy; perhaps this remarkable general could help remake the United States.

Garibaldi was reviled by the pope and many crowned heads of Europe, but he enjoyed remarkable popularity among republicans and liberals everywhere. Women adored him; they wore dresses and blouses that imitated the Red Shirt regalia of the Garibaldini. Journalists celebrated the Garibaldi legend in print, shared intimate details of his personal life, and made his image, with his gray beard and mesmerizing gaze, familiar to everyone.

Sanford experienced Garibaldi mania for himself. The night before he left for Caprera, Sanford witnessed throngs of people in the streets of Genoa shouting "Viva Garibaldi!" and singing the Garibaldi hymn. On the main square he viewed a wax effigy of their hero "mounted on a kind of altar surrounded by flags at which people are bringing candles by the hundreds to burn, as you have seen in the churches of patron saints." It was the first anniversary of Garibaldi's triumphant entry into Naples, and all across Italy there were similar demonstrations.

Now, face to face as the evening sun set over the Mediterranean, Sanford and Garibaldi discussed the terms of the offer and the purpose of the war. Garibaldi expected to be offered supreme command of all armed forces. He explained that, like the captain of a ship, he must have complete control and "would be of little use as a subordinate." This may have been lost in translation, but more likely it was the enthusiasm of Quiggle (whom Sanford blamed) or the blunder of his own advance messenger (which he obscured). Sanford's careful efforts to explain that the rank of major general "would carry with it the command of a large 'corps d'armée' to conduct in his own way" did little to persuade him.

But it was the purpose of the war that seemed to concern Garibaldi most. "Could slavery not be abolished?" he asked Sanford. If it was not being fought to emancipate the slaves, he told Sanford, "the war would appear to be like any civil war in which the world at large could have little interest or sympathy."

Since his arrival in Europe, Sanford had been trying to tell Seward that Europeans expected this to be a war of liberation, without which they would as soon see the nation fall apart. But to Garibaldi's question Sanford could do no more than explain Lincoln's legalistic apology for the federal government's limited constitutional power to interfere with slavery in the states.

Late that night Sanford went to sleep at Garibaldi's house still hoping the general might agree to come view the American scene for himself before deciding. They spoke for hours the next morning until Sanford finally accepted that he could give no satisfactory answer to Garibaldi's question. He left Caprera later in the day for his long journey back to Brussels.

For weeks the story continued to play in the international press, and even a year later rumors revived that Garibaldi might yet come to America. Eventually the story faded from the news, and from historical memory, resurfacing from time to time as little more than a bizarre curiosity of Civil War history.

It was much more than that, for Garibaldi's question anticipated a fundamental problem the Union confronted in trying to explain its cause to a puzzled world. Was this only a civil war, a purely domestic conflict in a quarrelsome democracy? Was the Union's goal nothing more than to put down rebellion and protect its sovereignty? Or was there something of real consequence to the world at large? The Union would have to find answers before other powers of the world decided to include the South among the family of nations.

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